1500/282.

THE

TOWER,

&c. &c. &c.

[Price SIX-PENCE.]

LOME

THE

TOWER:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN WILKES, Esq;

Inclusum DECIUM TURRIS *ahenea,*
Robustæque Fores, et vigilum CANUM
Tristes Excubiæ munierint Satis
Nocturnos ob ADULTEROS.

HORAT.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

TOWER:

A

POETICAL EPISTLE, &c.

YE ſolemn Manſions, where the NORTHERN Mind
So oft has droop'd for PRINCIPLE confin'd,
Tenacious PRINCIPLE, whoſe manly Flame,
Unjuſtly branded with Sedition's Name,
Nobly oppos'd, enthuſiaſt in her Zeal,
That UNION *baſely* form'd for England's Weal;

WHERE Wretches fix'd on Diſappointment's BROOD,
And *kenning* ſouthern Thames' imperious Flood,

Curſe the *dull* Streams which hated England feed,
FAR leſs enchanting than the *ſprightly* TWEED:
No more let Northerns crowd your *partial* Wall,
But ſpurn the Name of SCOTLAND'S CAPITAL;
Ope, ope your Arms to ENGLAND'S Sons alone,
And *dare* to ſhelter *Heroes* of your OWN.

Nor Thou, O DECIUS of exalted Soul,
Proof to Diſgrace, unknowing of Control,
The gloomy Limits of theſe Realms diſdain,
ONCE great Aſylum of the *fav'rite* Train;
Proud 'mid the Dotage of thy native Shore,
To tread the Rooms, which SCOTSMEN trod before;
Impriſon'd triumph with the LOYAL Great,
And hug *this* partial Favor of the S——.

What

What tho' redoubled *Accuſations* riſe,
Tho' WARRANTS heap'd on Warrants mate the Skies;
WARRANTS, which Errors ideot Form *commends*,
And glares aſſiſtant of thy warmer FRIENDS;
Still, ſtill indignant, in ſuperior Pride,
Truth for thy Patron, Reaſon for thy Guide,
With honeſt Hate on venal Influence ſpring,
Hate to our FOES, and Friendſhip to OUR KING.

Let ſordid PRATTLERS of degen'rate Race,
With NORTHERN Frenzy bellowing for a Place,
PRATTLERS, who rear aloft Oppreſſion's Rod,
And think to blaſt the CAPTIVE with a Nod,
Or ſneer in Raillery's faſtidious Sport
Their baſe Corruption, ſhielded by a C——:
Yes—let the Fiends their motley Paſſions vent
To ſpurn the dignity of PARLIAMENT;

With

With ribbald Streams of *Nonſenſe* dare to brand
The MAGNA CHARTA of a jealous Land;
That Prize extorted by our Fathers Breath,
Seal'd with their Blood, and riveted by death:
'Thro' Truth diſtorted who a Libel find
In ev'ry *Word*, that nobly ſpeaks the Mind;
While impotent in Rage the puny Elves
Stamp the foul Guilt more ſtrongly on themſelves;
From SUCH, who build Profeſſion on Abuſe,
(Juſt like their Brother-Conj'rers the REVIEWS)
You----hear with Scorn the menial Inſults roll,
Tho' chain'd the Body, Freedom rules the Soul.

In vain Corruption ſteels the Slaves of Sin,
More fierce, more Savage than the Beaſts *within*;
Diverts the Patriot-Friends indignant Strain,
While not a Brother can Admittance gain;

Nor

Nor Pen nor Paper to conſole thy Lot;
Diſgrace felt ſcarcely by the rebel Scot.
Still beams the Firmneſs of Intrepid Eaſe,
Which W---nd---m's ſelf can witneſs, if he pleaſe.

Important PHILLY, who with ſimpring Grace
Exhibits, Janus-like, his double Face,
A party Rancor rooted in his Breaſt,
Tho' Mildneſs dawn a temporary Gueſt;
Whoſe meek Deceit wou'd rectify Miſtakes,
Which Folly mingled with Oppreſſion makes;
For ever learned, ever taſteleſs found,
And ſmiling, but to fix the deeper Wound,
Shall freely 'mid the Gardens chequer'd Pride,
The Charms NOW vaunting of a *ſecond* Bride,
Rear the *kind* Monument's fantaſtic Taſte,
To ONE long bury'd in Oblivion plac'd;

Shall *freely* chatter in domeſtic Eaſe,
Of *Stones*, *Volcanos*, *Cockle-Shells*, and *Trees*,
On deep Philoſophy his Triumphs rear
From VAST Tranſactions each revolving Year,
Urge a SOCIETY's improving Plan,
And riſe the *Student* to conceal the *Man*.
Yet may Rebellion's Sons, O W——, no more,
Prove thy PURE Wiſdom, and enlarge thy Store,
No more with faſcinated Eyes behold,
But frown contemptuous on thy Country's Gold;
Veer not in Politics from Side to Side
Thy *Patron*, Intereſt, and *Self* thy Guide;
——Quit, as thy Friends before, the ruling Great,
Nor ſink again Sollicitor of S------.

Hail, Freedom, Goddeſs of celeſtical Grace,
Supreme Prerogative of human Race;

In

In vain ſhall STUARTS with a fond Delight,
Tho' clip'd thy Pinions and repreſs'd thy Might,
Tho' many a Cloud thy genial Warmth diſarms,
And veils the full-blown Luſtre of thy Charms,
In vain Venality's SEDITIOUS Crew,
Who ſervil Intereſt, as their God purſue,
From Birth the Victims of Oppreſſion's Show'r,
Who liſp the Strains of Arbitrary Pow'r,
Shall Freedom proſtitute, whoſe Beams impart
A gen'rous Rigor to an ENGLISH Heart.

No Monarch HERE, of unrelenting Mood,
Can ſtain his Falchion with a Subject's Blood;
No frantic Miniſter extort the Groan,
And rule deſpotic ſhelter'd by a Throne;
Bound by the Limits of the Laws they move,
And meet their Bulwarks in a People's Love.

Ariſe

Ariſe ye Patriot Shades, immortal Hoſt,
Shields of our Laws, and Guardians of our Coaſt;
True to your Rights, and careleſs of the Great,
Who ſpurn'd th' oppreſſive Impotence of S--ſt--t,
With conſcious Rapture pauſe on DECIUS' Soul,
And add this Patriot to your ſacred Roll.

Is there a Man in theſe enervate Days,
Who claims our Rev'rence and commands our Praiſe,
Who dares with animated Scorn behold
The proffer'd Tribute of his Country's Gold?
Is there whoſe Soul with freeborn Ardor ſprings,
Nor ſpares Corruption in the ſmile of Kings;
Who pours on Miniſters th' undaunted Flame,
Nor deems a Stateſman, and a King the ſame?
Hark! the full Triumphs of the Realm agree,
High 'mid the PATRIOT FEW, that WILKES is HE.

And

And thou, by Eloquence, and Reaſon plan'd,
The natural Bulwark of my native Land,
Fair Freedom's elder-born, Militia, deign,
To join the Tribute of th' applauding Train,
Thy great SUPPORTER hail with gen'rous Boaſt,
Tho' to THYSELF, not to his COUNTRY loſt.
Oh! come the Period, when at Worth's command,
The Fiend Corruption ſhall forſake the Land;
When genuine FREEDOM, thro' the Kingdom priz'd,
Shall rule by venal Stateſmen *unexcis'd*;
And foul Oppreſſion at her heav'nly Lore
RETIRE degraded to the Northern ſhore;
(Nor more the Realm with dictatorial Soul,
Veil'd by the Curtain of the S---- control;)
There on the Ills, he ſhowr'd o'er ENGLAND feed,
And add new Horrors to his NATIVE TWEED.

F I N I S.

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By J. RIDLEY,

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Paraphraſtically imitated, and adapted to the Times.

Dupe to no Party's Rage, the gen'rous Muſe,
Guilt in all Ranks dares honeſtly accuſe;
Nor Slave to Sect, nor fearful of Control,
She ſpeaks the genuine Dictates of her Soul.